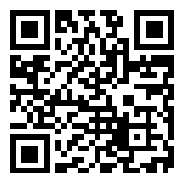
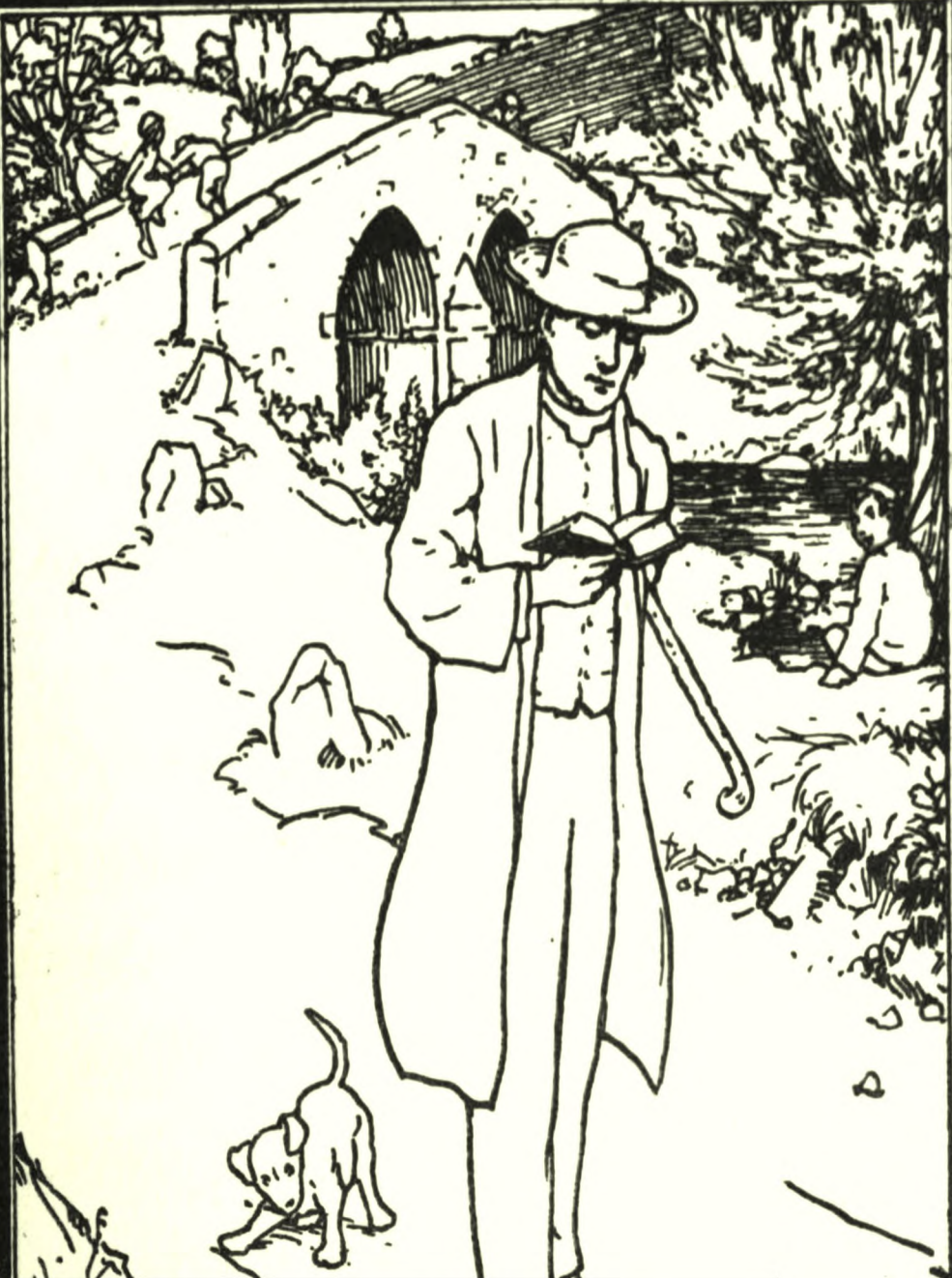

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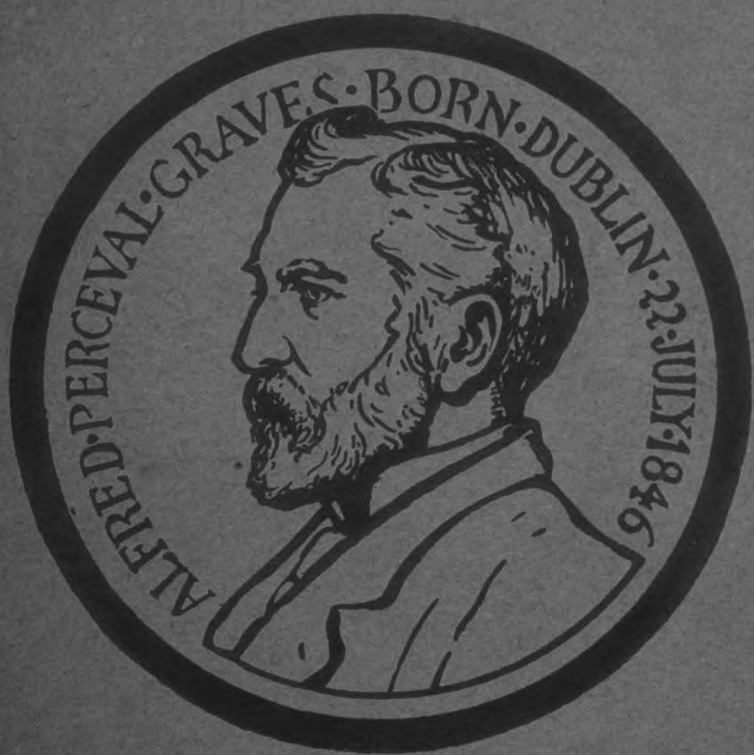
Father O'Flynn

Alfred Perceval Graves, Lindsay Symington



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FATHER O'FLYNN



AND
OULD DOCTOR MACK

By
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Illustrated by L. D. SYMINGTON

ONE SHILLING NET

FATHER O'FLYNN
&
OULD DOCTOR MACK

FATHER O'FLYNN

By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

WITH ADDITIONAL VERSIONS IN GAELIC & LATIN
AND A FACSIMILE OF THE AUTHOR'S MS.

ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR

OULD DOCTOR MACK

WITH TEN DRAWINGS

By L. D. SYMINGTON

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FATHER O'FLYNN

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FATHER O'FLYNN

By ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

I

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety,
Still, I'd advance you, widout impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and *Slainté*, and *Slainté* agin,
Powerfullest preacher, and tinderest teacher,
 And kindliest creature in ould Donegal.



II

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of
Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.
Come, I vinture to give you my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from Mythology into Thayology,
Troth ! and Conchology, if he'd the call.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and *Slainté*, and *Slainté* agin,
Powerfullest preacher, and tinderest teacher,
And kindest creature in ould Donegal.

III

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful
way wid you,
All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid
you,
All the young childer are wild for to play
wid you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avick!
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest con-
throul;
Checkin' the crazy ones, coaxin' onaisy ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the shtick.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and *Slainté*, and *Slainté* agin,
Powerfullest preacher, and tinderest teacher,
And kindliest creature in ould Donegal.



IV

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity
Where was the playboy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you ?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
'Till this remark set him off wid the rest,
" Is it lave gaiety all to the laity ?
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? "

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and *Slainté*, and *Slainté* agin,
Powerfullest preacher, and tinderest teacher,
And kindliest creature in ould Donegal.



A LATIN VERSION OF
FATHER O'FLYNN

BY FATHER ALPHONSUS

I

O clerici adsunt diversis littoribus,
Omnes qui semper insignes sunt moribus
Quisque verissimus suis coloribus?

Flynnius omnibus verior stat.
Radice Hibernica gaudet O'Flynn,
Ut omnibus patet per suum nomen,
Ex quo in minoribus parochialibus
Antiquioribus praestiterat.

Multos ad annos, carissime Flynn,
Omni virtute doctissime in :
Orator optime, doctor mitissime,
Donegalissime, Pater O'Flynn.

II

Trinitatis Collegii sapientissimi
Latinam Graecamque loquuntur satissime
Loquaculi omnes, sed omnes citissime

In infimum saccum detrudit O'Flynn.
Dei immortales mirantes laudant
Logicam Flynnicam et aestimant
Res mythologicas et conchologicas
Victas omnino a Pater O'Flynn.

Multos ad annos, carissime Flynn,
Omni virtute doctissime in :
Orator optime, doctor mitissime,
Donegalissime, Pater O'Flynn.

III

O ! Pater O'Flynn, habes baculum magicum
Quo opus facis omnino mirificum ;
Ebriis, pigris, superbis remedium
 Dabitur optimum hoc baculo.
Quare in tota parochia Flynn,
Ne unus quidem peccator est in,
Nec feminae garriunt viri nec titubant,
 Obtinet timor in hoc loculo.

Multos ad annos, carissime Flynn,
Omni virtute doctissime in :
Orator optime, doctor mitissime,
 Donegalissime, Pater O'Flynn.

IV

Olim Episcopus valde turbatus est,
In verba Flynnica multum miratus est,
Magna molestia ipse captatus est,
 Donec hoc modo respondit O'Flynn—
“Num soli laici hilares sint,
Clericine perlaeti videri debent?”
Oportet clericum esse Hibernicum
 Tum in dolore, tum gaudiis in.

Multos ad annos, carissime Flynn,
Omni virtute doctissime in :
Orator optime, doctor mitissime,
 Donegalissime, Pater O'Flynn.

A GAELIC VERSION OF FATHER O'FLYNN

By THADDEUS MacSWEENEY

AN T-ÁDAIR Ó FLOINN

Ádairnuigte ó'n Sacr-Deurda ag Taob Mac Suibne,
Connrad na Gaedilge, Lánrouin.

I

Tá fadairt go léir agáinn, léigeannta 'sur beannuigte,
Lé phead ná breug ná c fétir beit ceannuigte,
Ná ó cúir Clanna Gaedhal na féile beit dealuigte,
Ác an t-Ádair Ó Floinn, 'ré an uachtar go léir.

Buad agur neart leat, 'Ádair Uí Ffloinn,
Sláinte, 'sur pláinte, 'sur pláinte leir rin,
Seanmóruide tneun é, a t-teagart ár reun é,
Ic cnearta tar don é, ó sean Dún-na-nGall.

II

Ic ruanac leo' taob, 'Ádair, luco Scoile Crionóide,
Sic mór i lairion 'r Gnéisir a scríonóirge,
Cuirfeá le diaoact fúc deamain tábá na rmeapóide,
Óeapá oíob fáu uile gearr-fiaóá buide.

So, tar m'focal nac b-fuil fear le fadail
'Do'n tabairt-amac ceutna annro nó tar fáil'—
'Nuair ó mictologí go tci cilogí,

'Sead, 'sur concologí leir, dá m-ba' gábad,

Buad agur neart leat, 'Ádair Uí Ffloinn,
Sláinte, 'sur pláinte, 'sur pláinte leir rin,
Seanmóruide tneun é, a t-teagart ár reun é,
Ic cnearta tar don é, ó sean Dún-na-nGall.

III

Oc! 'Ádair Uí Fíoinn, ír aic iad do cúro rligte deara,
 Dúil na sean-peacaig ánnuighe 'rád leat-ra,
 Ní fúláir le h-aor-óig teacht cúgac le méir cleara,
 Tá sean ag gac don oir-ra, 'Ádair, a cúro.
 Fór, sió ceannra breáí i do deannacht,
 Dar liom ar do pobal ír daingean do rmaíct,
 A' comhairliugad 'r ag éilúgad luíct buile oit-céillíde,
 A' rpreagad leo' thairde gac rgnairce gan rppio.

Duad agus neart leat, 'Ádair Uí Fíoinn,
 Sláinte, 'sur rláinte, 'sur rláinte leir rin,
 Seanmóruide treun é, a o-teagars ar reun é,
 Ír cnearta tar don é, ó sean Dún-na-nGall.

IV

Ír fíor é nac mian leat an baot-fear 'ra cábaire,
 Saige gan éiread, ná éitead an bla-daíre,
 Aíct cá bfuil garrán gear-cúiread nó preabaire
 Com ruidre nuair ír maí leat beit anamúil beo?
 Am ar do fult o'feud an t-earbog go uúbad,
 Aíct taréir an fneasrao ro gáir ré go rúbad—
 "Ní do na daoinne aitháin gneann a'r gíad tír ar neoin;
 Ní'l bac ar an scléir a beit fíor-ghaebealac leo."

Duad agus neart leat, 'Ádair Uí Fíoinn,
 Sláinte, 'sur rláinte, 'sur rláinte leir rin,
 Seanmóruide treun é, a o-teagars ar reun é,
 Ír cnearta tar don é, ó sean Dún-na-nGall.

FACSIMILE OF AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT

Father O'Hyan.

Of priests we can offer a charmer's variety,
Far renowned for learnin' and piety;
Still I'd advance ye, without impropriety,
Father O'Hyan as the flower of them all!

Chorus Here's a health to you, Father O'Hyan!
Saints' and Saints' & saints' again,
Powerfullest preacher,
And kindest teacher,
And kindest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost & Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for coin at Greek and Latinity,
Dad, & the devils on' all at Disjuncty,
Father O'Hyan'd make hairs of them all.
Come! I venture to give you my word,
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Learn from my theology
Into Hagiology.

Chorus Here's a health to you ye ye.
Och, Father O'Hyan, you're the wonderful way and you!
All ould sinners are wishful to pray with you,
All the young children are wild for to play with you -
You're such a way and you, Father avick!
Still, for all you're so gentle a soul,
Gad! you're your flock in the grandest contitoul!
Chickin' the crazy wans,
Coaxin' onasing wans

Chorus Here's a health to you ye ye.
Deflin' the lazy wans on mid the slither.
And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where you the play-boy could claim an equality
Of conceality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till they remark it kind off mid the rest:
Is it laws & quiety?
All to the laily?
Can't the clergy be Irishmen, too?

Alfred Percival Graves July 3 & 1907.

A NOTE ON FATHER O'FLYNN

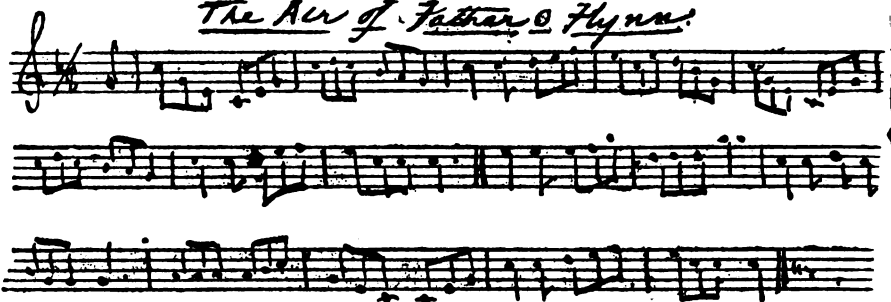
ACCOMPANYING this Note is the air of "Father O'Flynn," which is a Kerry version of "The Top of Cork Road" as first set down from Mr. Graves's whistling in Huddersfield.

Mr. Graves had first heard this played as a jig by James Buckley, a famous Munster fiddler, and had often danced to it as a boy. The words of the song came into his head in London as he walked from Eastbourne Terrace across Hyde Park, the Green Park, and St. James's Park, on his way to



the Home Office, in the Spring of 1875. On reaching his desk he set it down just as it now stands, and sent it to *The Spectator*, where it first was printed. It was not published as a song until it appeared in a Collection of Irish Airs arranged to Mr. Graves's words, "Songs of Old Ireland," in 1882. It attracted Mr. (now Sir Charles) Santley's attention, and he obtained a treble *encore* with it at one of Boosey's Ballad Concerts. Thereafter he sang it constantly, and made a feature of it at the St. Patrick's Day Concerts.

The Air of Father O'Hynes



with horn

"Ould Doctor Mack"

arranged by
Sim L. Villiers
Star, Ind.



Rehearsal in chorus

OULD DOCTOR MACK

OULD DOCTOR MACK

I

Ye may tramp the world over from Delhi to
Dover,

And sail the salt say from Archangel to
Arragon ;

Circumvint back through the whole Zodiack,
But to ould Dochter Mack ye can't furnish
a paragon.

Have ye the dropsy, the gout, the autopsy ?
Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he'll
shape yez ;

No way infarior in skill, but suparior
And lineal postarior to ould Aysculapius.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety ;

Here's to his health,

Honour and wealth,

The king of his kind and the crame of all
charity.



II

How the rich and the poor, to consult for a
cure,

Crowd on to his door in their carts and
their carriages,

Showin' their tongues or unlacin' their lungs,
For divel wan symptom the docther dis-
parages.

Troth an' he'll tumble for high or for humble
From his warm feather-bed wid no cross
contrariety ;

Makin' as light of nursin' all night
The beggar in rags as the belle of society.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety ;

Here's to his health,

Honour and wealth,

The king of his kind and the crame of all
charity.



III

And, as if by a meracle, ailments hysterical,
Dad, wid one dose of bread pills he can
smother,

And quench the love sickness wid comical
quickness,

Prescribin' the right boys and girls to each
other.

And the sufferin' childer ! Your eyes 'twould
bewilder

To see the wee craythurs his coat tails
unravellin',

Each of them fast on some treasure at last,
Well knowin' ould Mack's just a toy-shop
out travellin'.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety ;

Here's to his health,

Honour and wealth,

The king of his kind and the crame of all
charity.



IV

Thin, his dotherin' done, in a rollickin' run
Wid the rod or the gun he's the foremost
to figure,

Be Jupiter Ammon! what jack-snipe or salmon
E'er rose to backgammon his tail-fly or
trigger!

And hark that vie'w holloa! 'Tis Mack in full
follow

On black "Faugh-a-ballagh" the country-
side sailin'!

Och, but you'd think 'twas ould Nimrod in
pink,

Wid his spurs cryin' chink over park wall
and palin'.

He and his wig wid the curls so carroty,
Aigle eye and complexion clarety;

Here's to his health,

Honour and wealth!

Hip, hip, hooray, wid all hilarity!



Hip, hip, hooray ! That's the way !

All at once widout disparity !

One more cheer for our dochter dear,

The king of his kind and the crame of all
charity.

Hip, hip, hooray !

Printed by John Falconer, 53 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin

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